The teares of IRELAND

VVherein is lively presented as in a Map, a List of the unheard off Cruelties and perfidious Treacheries of bloud-thirsty Jesuits and the Popish Faction.

As a warning piece to her Sister Nations to prevent the like miseries, as are now acted on the Stage of this fresh bleeding Nation.

Reported by Gentlemen of good Credit living there, but forced to flie for their lives, as *Iobs* Messengers, to tell us what they have heard and seene with their eyes, illustrated by Pictures.

Fit to be reserved by all true Protestants as a Monument of their perpetuall reproach and ignominy, and to animate the spirits of Protestants against such bloudy Villains.

LONDON,

Printed by *A. N* for *Iohn Rothwell*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Pauls* Churchyard at the signe of the Sun, 1642.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

7.M.a

Courteous Reader:

IT is my hearty pray- for thee which was the last desire of *Luther* for his friends, that thou mayest be filled with the love of Christ, and hatred of the Pope; He that loves not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed, hee that hates not the Pope, loves not Christ; *a* The Pope is that Antichrist; This indeed is questioned by some Factors for *Rome*, but determined by the Apostle. Who is Antichrist, but *b* the man of sin, and son of perdition? who is this man of sin & son of perdition but the Pope? There were never seene greater monsters, and prodigies in the World for all kinde of ac-

a Abbot Downham, Sharp, &c. de Antichristo.

b 2 *Thess.* 2.

cursed abominations, then they were that have sate in that Chaire of pestilence, as their own *c Platina* relates; In which there are reckoned ten *Sodomites*, fourteene infamous for adulteries; nine Simoniacks, twelve Tyrants, three and twenty Necromanticks, that gave themselves to the Devill, ten Traitors, fifty in an ordinary succession unworthy that name, *d* many that have justified the vilest of the Heathen Emperours in the most abominable of their excesses. There were never any that so puld up the floud-gates to open a way for the inundation of Wickednesse as the popes; *e* by dispensations for Sodomie, Incest, Murther, fornication, &c. *f* and by indulgencies, *g* by doctrine. If the pope should declare that vertue is vice, and vice vertue, the Church is bound to believe it to be so, and practice accordingly. There was never such a sonne of perdition; hee is that *Apollyon*, or destroyer of whom Saint *John*, a destroyer of souls, and shedder of bloud; but especially drunke with the bloud of Saints. It is credibly *h* related that in the space

c Szegedin. Spec. Pontificum Rom.

d Selneccer. vitæ Pontif.

e Idea reform. antichrist. tom. 1. part. 2. sect. 2. c 7.

f Dispens. in tit. 1. dig. 1. muse. loc. com.

g Bellar. de pont. Rom. lib. 4. c. 5.

h Idæa refor. Antichrist. vide supra c. 6.

ſpace of eight hundred yeeres, hee hath been the death of twelve Millions, one alone pope *i Iulius* the Second in ſeven yeeres of his papacie deſtroyed 200000 Chriſtians. But their outragious fury againſt the Saints who can relate? How bloudy were the perſecutions raiſed againſt the *Waldenſes*, in which there was no *k* mercy ſhewed to any age, ſex, condition, their rage extended it ſelf to the deſtruction of the bruitiſh beaſts, and ſenſleſſe trees? *l* what internecine wars were ſtirred up againſt the *Huſſites* in *Bohemia*? what Country or Kingdome cannot produce inſtances of crueltie more then barbarous? The Low-countries lament the death of eighteen thouſand executed by the Duke of *Alva* in the ſpace of three thouſand yeeres in the cauſe of Religion. *m Bartholomeis* ſlaughter will be for ever infamous in *France*: where by a prodigious Treaſon and unparalled cruelty, the Rivers did run with the bloud of *Hugonets*, *England* hath ſtill in freſh remembrance Queen *Maries* fires; *Italie*, *Spaine*, &c. doe yet groan under the mercileſſe inquiſition.

i Baleus de actis Rom. Pontif. l. 7.

k Hiſt. Waldenſ.

l Sleidanus.

m Thuanus.

The

The report of theſe cruelties doth aſtoniſh the Readers and relators, but not quench the thirſt, glut the never to be ſatiated ravine of theſe bloud-thirſtie Monſters, whoſe delight is that of the o Cardinall *Farneſius* to ſee Rivers of the bloud of *Lutherans* to his horſe bridle. But thou wilt ſay what is this to the pope, that he ſhould be hated? Conſider this bloud was ſhed by his inſtigation, by his approbation. It was hee that granted a *Croiſado* againſt the *p Waldenſes*, and *q Bohemians*, promiſing pardon of ſins to all ſuch as ſhould die in the expedition for their extirpation; It was hee that hearing of the Maſſacre in *Paris* skipped for joy, and commanded a ſolemne triumph, and panegyrick for that cauſe; But what is that to us? What? Have wee never heard of the popes good will to *England*? *r* How long wee have ſtood proſcribed, expoſed to the fire, and ſword of a Catholike invader? have wee never heard of thoſe many horrid treaſons hatched, and furthered againſt our Kings, and State, by that bloudy *Moloch* and his inſtruments,

o Idæa reform. Antich. tom. 1. part. 2. c. 6.

p Hiſt. Waldenſ.

q Booke Martyrs tom. 1.

r Bulla Pii 5ti. *againſt Queen* Elizabeth

ments, and ſworn Vaſſals? What treaſon was ever intended againſt our Church, or State, in which a prieſt, or Jeſuit hath not had a hand? And as a learned Biſhop hath ſhewed *ſ*: that moſt devilliſh, and hel-borne plot of the Gun-powder Treaſon, by whom ſhould it have bin acted? by whom was it invented? *t* It hath found an Apologie from *Eudæmon*, approbation from *Claudius Aquaviva*, excuſe from *Bellarmine*, abſolution from *Hamon*; al Jeſuits. But yet there is nothing done againſt us? And papiſts amongſt us abhor this bloudineſſe; What intentions, and deſperate machinations are againſt us the Lord diſcover, and diſappoint; but conſider. That in their account we are hereticks, and declared to be ſo by the pope; Now conſider of their doctrine; *u* A hereticke loſeth all right to all that hee hath; And being *w* declared to be ſuch, any one may kill him though a King, nay, though the pope ſhould be willing to ſuffer him *x* yet may not the people, nay, *y* though hee would change his Religion, and leave his hereſie, that can give him no ſafety. Witneſſe *Henry* the

ſ B. Carleton.

t Prideaux Serm. on the Gunpowder Treaſon.

u Azorius inſtit. moral. li. 8. de pœnis hæretic.

w Symanch. inſtic. lib. 23. §. 11.

Saunders de viſibil. Monarch. l. 2. c. 4.

x Bannes in 2. 2. q. 12. artic. 2.

y Symancha ubi ſupra.

Fourth of *France*, who after he was turned papiſt, was ſtab'd in the mouth by one *John Caſtile*, and to the heart by *Ravilliack*; z By hereſie all bonds and obligations of nature, of covenant, of oath, of duty are diſſolved, witneſſe the practices of theſe *Iriſh* Rebels: Hereticks may be ſlain by ſword, by treaſon, a even with the deſtruction of many innocent Catholikes. O devilliſh! Upon theſe, and ſuch like grounds, our Liturgie juſtly cenſured their religion rebellion, and the ſometime worthy profeſſors of our two famous Univerſities cõcluded, that it was impoſsible, but that an abſolute Papiſt living under a Proteſtant Prince, and ſtanding to his own gounds, ſhould be an abſolute traitor. And that wee feele not the effects of this *Romiſh* doctrine, it is God's providence, in them not want of will, but want of power; b *Bannes* ſpeaks plainly. The *Engliſh* and *Saxon* Catholikes are to be excuſed for not rebelling, becauſe they want ſtrength ſufficient to make their party good; I pray God they may alway want it; c The Pope ſent a Breve or Bull againſt

z Azor. inſt. mor. l. 8. c. 13.

a Eudæm. Apol. pro Garnet. cap 4. *Collect for Gunpowder treaſon.* D. Davenan. determ. qu 17. D. Prideaux. ſex. Higgajon and Selah.

b In 32ae. vide ſuprà.

c Abbor. Antilogic. 6. p. 85.

againſt our bleſſed Queene *Elizabeth*, with this limitation; that it ſhould be always in force againſt her and the hereticks, but ſhould not oblige the Papiſts as matters did then ſtand, but ſhould oblige them when it might be put in execution; ſo they wait for a time, and I pray God their eyes may ſinke in their heads while they wait; But Reader doe not think there is nothing done againſt us; Is not *Ireland* our ſiſter Nation? Doe not our fleſh and our bloud ſuffer there? Doe we not heare of their threatnings breathed againſt us? That when they have finiſhed their worke there, they intend *England* for the *Aceldama*, the ſeat of war, and field of bloud; I will not ſtay thee longer ſtill in the porch; Enter in and behold, the miſeries of *Ireland*, and if thou findeſt cruelties unexampled, remember they are Papiſts, and have, as I am informed, ten thouſand Prieſts in the head of their armies, who beſides their tyranny towards our bodies would (was it in their power) ſend our ſouls in fiery chariots into hell! So *Hoffeus* the Jeſuite. Well

reade, and bestow some pitty, prayers, relief on poore *Ireland*, prayses for *England*, increase in the love of Christ, and hatred of the Pope; I rest

Thine

I. Cranford.

Irelands

Irelands *warning to* England.

LOok on me (your ſiſter Nation) and pitty me, I am your bone and your fleſh, I am wounded by them that I have too long truſted and harboured in my boſome (I mean bloudy Papiſts) rather then better friends, take warning by me on ſad experience: *Was there ever ſorrow like my ſorrow?*

Look on me, Repent, Amend, let my ſins be your ſummons, my judgements be your feare, and learne righteouſneſſe by them. *When thy judgements are on the earth, the inhabitants thereof ſhall learne righteouſneſſe.*

Look on me, pray and fight, my enemies are yours, my cauſe is yours, wee have one God, one Chriſt, one Goſpel, one Religion, united under one King, if we fail one another now, the proud enemy will blaſpheme our God, diſhonour our Royall King, ſcorne our Religion. Hold out faith and prayer, ſurely the

victory is yours, you pray, and the enemy blaſphemes, up and be doing, and the Lord ſhall be with you. Shall wee be leſſe zealous for the Lord of hoſts, then they are for their wooden Idols.

Solicit my Cauſe to his Majeſty, to the Parliament, make my caſe yours, *be with mee as in the body*, ſtir now or never, *Helpe the Lord againſt the mighty*, your work will be glorious, *You ſhall be called the repairers of our breaches.*

Look on me and adventure you that are Gods Stewards, who knows but God intruſted thee with an eſtate for this Deſigne. The Deſigne is honourable, your purchaſe a Kingdome for Chriſt. Back your ſelves with friends, weaken the bloud-thirſty enemies, ſecure your ſelves better, try God if hee will not be your Enſurer double and treble. *Caſt thy bread on the waters, and after many dayes thou ſhalt finde it.* They are bloudy men, *The bloudy men ſhall not live out halfe their days.* They are cruell to the faint, to the weary, cruell to women, to poore

poore children, mark what God threatned againſt *Amaleck* for the ſame thing. *Remember what* Amaleck *did unto thee*, &c. *how hee ſmote the hindermoſt, even all that were feeble behind thee when thou waſt faint and weary, and hee feared not God. Therefore when the Lord thy God ſhal give thee reſt from all thine enemies round about in the* Land *which the* Lord *thy God giveth thee for an inheritance to poſſeſſe it: that thou ſhalt blot out the remembrance of* Amaleck *from under heaven, thou ſhalt not forget it*, Deut. 25. 17, 18, 19.

To confirme the truth of these ensuing Tragick Stories, you may be pleas'd to reade this Letter, the Copy whereof was read the fourteenth of *December*, in the Honourable House of Commons, and also read againe before the right Honorable the Lords at a Committee of both Houses, and desired to be entred into the journals of both Houses.

It was also read in a publike Congregation in London, *by an eminent Minister on the Fast day for* Ireland *to stir up bowels of pitty towards them.*

SIR,

ALL I can tell you is the miserable estate wee continue under, for the Rebels daily increase in men and munition in all parts, except the Pro-

vince of *Munster*, exerciſing all manner of cruelties, and ſtriving who can be moſt barbarouſly exquiſite in tormenting the poore Proteſtants, whereſoever they come; Cutting off their privy members, eares, fingers, & hands, plucking out their eyes, boyling the heads of little Children before their Mothers faces, and then ripping up their Mothers Bowels; ſtripping women naked, and ſtanding by them being naked, whilſt they are in Travell, killing the Children as ſoon as they are born, and ripping up their Mothers bellies, as ſoone as they are delivered; driving men, women, and children, by hundreds together upon Bridges, and from thence caſt them down into Rivers, ſuch as drown'd not, they knock their brains out with poles, or ſhoot them with Muskets, that endeavour to eſcape by ſwimming out; raviſhing wives before their husbands faces, and Virgins before their Parents faces, after they have abuſed their bodies, making them renounce their Religion, and then marry them to the baſeſt of their fellows.

Oh that the Lord, who hath moved the Kingdomes of *England* and *Scotland*,

to

to ſend reliefe to theſe afflicted Proteſtants, would likewiſe ſtirre them to effect their undertaking with all poſſible expedition, leſt it be too late.

Some of the perſons particularly mentioned to have ſuffered, who are knowne unto you, are, Maſter *Jerome* Miniſter of *Brides*, his body mangled, and his members cut off. Maſter *Fullerton* Miniſter of *Lughall*, *Simon Haſtings* his eares cut off, Maſter *Blandry* Miniſter, hanged, his fleſh pull'd off from his bones, in the preſence of his wife, in ſmall pieces, he being hang'd two dayes before her, in the place where ſhee is now priſoner. *Abraham James* of Newtowne, in the Dioceſſe of *Clohor*, cut in pieces, and it is reported that the Biſhop of *Clohor* is turned to the Rebels, thus moving pardon in preſuming to trouble you at this time in your publike imployments, doe with humble remembrance of his beſt reſpects to you, and your vertuous Lady, remayn

Novemb. 27. 1641.

Your Servant to command,

Thomas Partington.

A true Relation of the bloudy Maſſacre and damnable Treaſon of the cruell Papiſts intended againſt *Dublin*, *October* 23. 1641. deſperatly acted in moſt parts of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, tending to the utter ruine and extirpation of all the Proteſtants there:

With a liſt of the ſeverall tortures, cruelties, outrages, on the bodies of poore Chriſtians, related by perſons of good credit, who are fled from thoſe bloudy men, to tell us what they have ſeen with their eyes and heard with their eares, on examinations of divers of the Actors in this *Tragedy illuſtrated by Pictures.*

BEhold, as in a Map of bloud, the unwearied plottings, and reſtleſſe contrivements of bloudy men only skilfull to deſtroy, whoſe Religion is

founded in bloud, whoſe obedience will not be bounded with oaths, aſſeverations, nay execrations, as the enſuing Story of cruelty relates, who are true (as ſteel) to their damned Principles, *Nulla fides cum Hæreticis* whoſe principles are ſteept bloud, tolerating Rebellion againſt King and Kingdome, murdering of Princes, blowing up of Parliament, ſowing ſeeds of diviſion betweene Confederate Kingdomes, as thoſe two Handfaſted and Troth-plighted Nations in a League of love, indiſſoluble (bleſſed be God) can teſtifie: blowing up coals of Diviſion, hotter then coals of Juniper in the ſame Kingdome, where they live in too much peace. Witneſſe *England*, who hath had wofull experience of their plottings to breake Union betweene King and people, King and Parliament.

England, Scotland.

Witneſſe *Germany*, that field of bloud, as a book of their miſeries called the *Lamentation of Germany* lately printed relates.

But now behold, theſe bloudy Papiſts with their Vizard puld off, and now acting their plots like incarnate Devils (as our Saviour cald their brethren the *Scribes* and *Phariſees*. For the works of their father they doe) I ſay now

now acting their Devilliſh deſigne on the Stage of *Ireland* our ſiſter Nation, ayming no lower then the death and ruine of the whole Kingdome at one blow. For had their plot on *Dublin* Caſtle taken (which they had laid with ſo much ſubtilty and ſecrecie) as in probability it had, *had not the keeper of Iſrael which ſlumbers not* prevented it, in a moſt miraculous manner, they had beene by the morning light at work, cutting off man, woman and child, till they had not left one remayning among them that bore the name of a Proteſtant. Bleſſed be God their ſnare was broken, and that poore City deſigned to deſtruction, delivered, the relation of which *Tragedie* now begins: Oh that our eares may tingle! and our bowels yern at the relation of this horrid deſigne: and at the relations of thoſe cruelties and tortures exceeding all parallel, unheard off among *Pagans*, *Turks*, or *Barbarians*, except you would enter into the confines of Hell it ſelfe, to ſee the Devils (thoſe Engineers of cruelty) acting of their parts: I know not where

you will find their fellows, making it their ſport to torture and to vex thoſe poore diſtreſſed Proteſtants, he that is moſt cruell merits moſt of their bloudy Jeſuits. Thoſe firebrands of Hell preach to them in their Maſsings and Conventicles, as is truly related by Gentlemen of *Ireland* of good worth, who like *Jobs* Meſſengers are eſcaped their mercileſſe hands, relating nothing but what they have heard with their eares, upon examination of witneſſes, or ſeen with their eyes, that ſo men might not be deluded with falſe and idle Pamphlets, but reade and ſee the truth of things that all men may behold what bloudy Tigres and Vultures theſe Popiſh ſpirits are, how perfidious and baſely treacherous to thoſe Nations that ſuccour them; never any Kingdom being long at peace where they were tolerated, as this freſh bleeding Nation of *Ireland* can ſadly relate you in this enſuing Narration.

Here

Here begins the bloudie attempts upon the Kingdome of Ireland *in the generall, and on* Dublin *in particular.*

UPon the three and twentieth day of *October* laſt 1641, the Caſtle of *Dublin*, ſhould have ſurprized (as at that time it might eaſily have beene) for there was no feare or ſuſpition of Treachery, there being at that time foure hundred *Iriſh* Papiſts elected out of moſt parts of *Ireland*, deſperate perſons deſigned and appointed for that bloudy and deſperate attempt, all lodging and ſculking in ſeverall places of the City and Suburbs, waiting and expecting the time and watch-word, when to give the onſet. But that God that keepeth *Iſrael* ſaw their bloudy intentions to overthrow and ruinate all the profeſſours of the true Religion, diſapointed their wicked hopes, and (to their owne ſhame and confuſion) diſcovered and laid open their hel-

helliſh plot to ſucceeding ages, that the Lord alone might be admired, and they confounded. And this he did by moving in the heart of one of their own Countrimen at that time, an abhorring of ſo foule and deteſtable a Treaſon, and to reveale it to Sir *William Parſons* Knight and Baronet, Maſter of the Court of Wards and Liveries, and Sir *John Borlaſe* Knight, Maſter of the Ordnance, both Lords Juſtices of the Kingdome of *Ireland*. The party who diſcovered the plot had been formerly a ſervant to Sir *John Clotworthy*, a godly and religious Gentleman, but at time (when hee revealed their deſigne) hee ſerved one Captaine *Mack-Mahowne* an Iriſhman, who lodged at the ſigne of the Artichoake, vulgarly called Saint *Maries* Abbey in the Suburbs of the City of *Dublin*, The ſervants name was *Owen Mack-Connel*, who being with his Maſter Captain *Mack-Mahown*, in a houſe in Cookſtreet, at the Lodging of the Lord *Mack-Gueere*, alſo an Iriſhman in the City of *Dublin*. Upon the two and twentieth of *October*, being the night

night afore; his Maſter did then and there reveale the whole plot unto him in the preſence of the Lord *Mack Guère*, and others.

Now this *Owen Mack-Connel*, had married an Engliſh woman by whom hee had children living in the County of *Antrim* in the Province of *Vlſter*, & ſhe was and is a Proteſtant; as ſoon as this *Owen Mack-Connel* had heard and underſtood the plot and damnable intention of thoſe ſons of *Belial*, with a ſad countenance, asked his Maſter what ſhould become of his wife and poore children, hee replyed in theſe words, *viz.* hang her Engliſh Kite, we will get thee a better wife, but the company perceiving that his thoughts were troubled at the relation of this horrid Tragedy, now to be acted on the Stage of *Ireland*, which within few houres was to bee in a flame of confuſion, the word to be given, that, man, woman, & child ſhould have bin butchered the next morning, the poor mans heart failed him at this helliſh and barbarous Maſſacre, whereupon theſe bloudy Villaines perceiving by the

the ſame alteration of his countenance, that he approved not, or rather like a man amazed, ſtartled at ſuch a bloudy motion, as to imbrue his hands in the bloud of his own deareſt wife and children, and that that is more, of his own Country and Kingdome, they began to bethinke themſelves what to doe with him, they reſolved to make him drunk, and thereupō inforced him unnaturally (which a man would not doe to a beaſt) to drinke ſo much that hee could hardly drink more, yet they plyed him cloſe, and provoked him, hee deſired to be excuſed, they to give him his load, poured it down his throat, he reſiſting ſuch unreaſonable violence more then brutiſh, there ſteps towards him in a deſperate maner one *Donal Mack-Guere*, what will you not drink your liquor? ſee if you dare deny to pledg me, there upon ſet a piſtoll to his breaſt (ſee the Popiſh religion their beſt argument is fire and gunpowder) with two bullets, the pan being primed with powder and brimſtone that ſo it might not fail to ſpeed, twice it was offered againſt him,

Owen Macke-onell, who discouered the plot of takinge Dublin, had a Pistoll Charged with too Bullets, the pane primed with powder & Brimstone twice offered against him tooke not fire. So the Rebells said God will not suffer him to be killed & he will be on our side, I warrant you,

Owen Macke-onell leapinge ouer a wall escaped & was sent to our Parlament with letters & was rewarded 500 ℔ & 200 per Annum.

him, and took no fire: oh ſee the hand of God! whereupon Captain *Mack-Mahowne* ſtept in and ſpake theſe words, *videlicet*, let him alone, God will not ſuffer him to be kild, he will be on our ſide, I warrant yee How blind with malice and rage were theſe Monſters of nature, that could not ſee that the God that over-ruled the fire & the brimſtone could over-rule the: for it is obſerved, that it is very rare and ſeldome, that Gunpowder and Brimſtone mingled ever fail firing ſo that ſequell proved, that God would not ſuffer him to be kild as his Maſter ſaid, but preſerved him to be a deliverer moſt miraculouſly to his diſtreſſed Nation: not to be (as they ſuppoſed) on their ſide but againſt them, for within leſſe then an houre after hee diſcovered the treaſon to Sir *William Parſons* as aforeſaid, for after they had foxt him (as they thought ſufficiently) they led him from the Lord *Mack-Gueeres* lodging in Cookſtreet, to goe along wih his Maſter Captain *Mack-Mahowne* to his lodging, but the poore man with a longing and earneſt deſire to be delivered of what his head and heart were ſo big with, and impatient

of any longer delay to conceal ſo foul and horrid a Treaſon, fained himſelfe more drunk then hee was, and taking the advantage of the time and place, willingly fell downe in a dirty channell, and was ſo contaminated and bemired with ſtinking mud, that none would lay hands on him to help him up, ſo that with much adoe hee crept out of the kennell, and reeled to the ſtoop or ſeat of a door, and ſate down to ſleepe, but the workings of his thoughts would not ſuffer him to reſt till hee had diſcovered this devilliſh deſigne neither did hee (at all) intend to reſt as himſelfe confeſt, till hee had made it knowne, but hee ſeeming to ſleepe, the fellow which was left with him to watch him, departed, which this *Owen Mack-Connel* perceiving, aſſoone as ever his backe was turned, with a bold reſolution aroſe up, and went to the Merchants Key in *Dublin*, betweene eleven and twelve of the clocke at night to Sir *William Parſons* houſe, one of the Lords Juſtices of *Ireland*, where knocking at the doore, the Porter knowing him, demanded of him what

he

he would have, he anſwered the Porter that hee muſt needs ſpeak with his Lord, the Porter replyed that his Lord was in Bed, It is no matter anſwered *Owen Mack-Connel*, I muſt and will ſpeak with him, for my buſineſſe concerns both King & Kingdom, then the Porter let him in, wondring to ſee him in ſuch a pickle, ſtill hee haſtned the Porter, untill hee had called up one of his Lords Gentlemen, who got up ſpeedily, and went into his Lords Bed-chamber, where hee acquainted his Lord with the earneſt deſire that this *Owen Mack-Connel* had to ſpeake with him concerning a buſineſſe of waighty conſequence, but would not reveal it to any but his Honour, whereupon he was called up and had acceſs to my Lord, unto whom hee diſcovered the whole Plot, which was to be executed the ſame morning at nine of the clock, this being between twelve and one.

At the firſt the Lord *Parſons* did ſeem to ſlight it, but *Owen Mack-Counel*, confidently affirmed the thing to my Lord in the hearing of his ſervants to be true, and withall told him thus:

viz.

viz. My Lord, my Lord, I have discharged my duty and my conſcience, look you to it; I will goe backe to my Maſter, becauſe neither hee nor the reſt ſhall ſuſpect me.

Your Lordſhip ſhall find my Lord *Mack-Gueere* at Maſter *Cadowgans* houſe in Cookſtreet, and Captaine *Mack-Mahown*, at the Artichoke in the aforeſaid *Maryes* Abbey, to which place I am going now. This *Owen Mack-Connel* going homewards to his Maſters lodging, takes up dirt in his hands and beſmuts and dirties his face that he might appear to them to have tumbled over and over in the dirt, whoſe approach and entrance into the roome (where a great many of them were aſſembled together, drinking and making merry, for they intended not to goe to bed) was ſo ridiculous that the company burſt out into ſuch a loud and ſudden laughter with ſhouting and hollowing that the place rung of them round about, and to welcome him home the company fell to their old courſe to make him drinke more, but at laſt he told them that he

muſt needs goe down into the yard, ſo they ſuffered him to goe, but commanded two of his companions to attend him and bring him up againe, but they let him goe into the yard by himſelfe, not ſuſpecting what he had done, nor what hee meant to doe: no ſooner was he in the yard, but knowing the place, leaped over the pale, and ſo eſcaped from them.

Great ſearch they made in the yard for him, and up and downe the houſe, thinking hee had been crept to bed, or hid himſelf in the barn or ſtable, ſo that they were amazed to think what ſhould become of him, beeauſe they generally believed him to be ſo drunk and in ſuch a pickle, they refrained looking any further after him, conceiving that hee was paſt care to tell tales whereſoever he was, and ſo fell to their mirth and jollitie again.

But not long after, in the midſt of their mirth, came ſome of the Guard belonging to the Lords Juſtices, entred the Houſe, where there was little or no reſiſtance, apprehended Captain

tain *Mack-Mahowne*, and one *Rory Magennis*, being the chief in that place at the Artichoake, and brought them bound before the Lords, about five of the clock in the morning, being upon the Saturday, which was the three and twentieth day of *October* laſt. At the ſame time and hour the reſt of the Guard apprehended the Lord *Mack-Gueere* in Cookſtreet, in the houſe of Maſter *Cadowgan* where they found him under a bed with a caſe of Piſtols charged and a Skeene by his ſide, but did not offer to ſhoot.

Captaine *Mack-Mahowne* upon his examination confeſſed the whole plot, how that morning the Caſtle of *Dublin* ſhould have beene ſurprized by forty Iriſh Papiſts deſperate Villains in this manner following.

Firſt, they ſhould have gone into the Caſtle (to avoid ſuſpition) one by one, ſome at the water-gate, and ſome at the Caſtle-gate, each man with his Skeen, and ſo to have met in the great Court, and ſuddenly to have ruſhed upon the Warders, and to have murthered them, and ſo to have poſſeſt them-

themſelves of their Halberds and other weapons, and then to have ſtood in the entrance of both Gates to let in the reſt being three hundred and ſixty more, appointed for the execution of that Hel-hatcht Deſigne; they could not have wanted help, the ods was ſo great on their ſide, I mean the bloudy Romiſh party, and I am of opinion there would have been but little or no reſiſtance, their party would have beene ſo ſtrong, there being at that time one hundred Papiſts to five Proteſtants within the very City of *Dublin*, to my knowledge, and ſo they are generally throughout the whole Kingdome, what a combuſtion had there been in *Dublin* that day? what a diſtraction had our poore Countrymen, I meane the Engliſh Proteſtants been in? and I my ſelf being then one belonging to the Crowne Office in *Dublin*, and an eye witneſſe of their paſſages amongſt the reſt? I dare be bold to ſay, that if they had taken that Caſtle, being ſo richly furniſhed with all manner of Munition, as powder, ſhot and Armes being alſo ſtreng-

ſtrengthened with above one hundred pieces of Ordnance of all ſorts with their carriages, that all *Ireland* had been before this day an *Acheldama*, or a field of bloud, and I am of opinion that of all the Engliſh Plantators in *Ireland*, there would not have been living one Family.

Some of thoſe Villains that ſhould have ſurprized the Caſtle, to wit, *Rory Mack Mahowne*, *William O Neale*, *Thady O Duffe*, and others, have been taken and examined before the Councill, and upon their examinations have confeſſed, that upon the Sabbath day night after they had ſurprized the Caſtle (being the day following) their intent was to have marked all the Iriſh houſes with a Croſſe, to have diſtinguiſhed them from the Engliſh, and ſo to have murthered them by entring forcibly and treacherouſly upon them, and alſo to have ſeized all the ſhipping at the Rings end neere *Dublin*, that there had beene no way or meanes left for man, woman, or child to have eſcaped their fury, nor

any place of refuge left to have found mercy. Stand and pauſe a while and conſider the depth of this horrid treaſon to have cut off all the Proteſtants! Oh the cryes, the ſhreeks, the teares of poore ſouls flying, this way and that way, ſtill into the mouth of theſe ravenous Lions, and this would have beene their Sabbath dayes work, a fit ſacrifice for him whoſe ſervants they were. But prayſed be the Lord, their net is broken, and we have eſcaped.

What man ſo blinde as may not herein behold the handy worke of God, and how the hands and hearts of thoſe malicious furies and firebrands of *Rome* are bent to ſhed innocent bloud, that notwithſtanding they have ſo often failed in their wicked & bloudy purpoſes and intents both private and publike, which they have ſecretly attempted in darkneſſe, will not ſee although they live in the light nor take warning, but ſtill run on in their bloud-thirſtineſſe to extirpate whole States, to ſuppreſſe the Truth, and to ſhed the bloud of Gods Saints, but I truſt

truſt they ſhall fall into the pit that they digged for others.

It was concluded by the Lords Juſtices and Councell of *Ireland*, that the aforenamed *Owen Mack-Connel*, who had diſcovered this Treaſon ſhould be ſent with Letters to the Parliament here in *England*, the King being at that time in *Scotland*, who at his comming was rewarded with a gratuity of five hundred pounds in money, and an allowance towards the mayntenance of himſelfe, his wife and children of two hundred pounds a yeere, untill his Majeſty finde out ſome better gift to beſtow upon him, I am verily perſwaded that his diſcovery of this Treaſon hath preſerved the lives of a hundred thouſand men, women and children and many more, in the ſeverall Provinces and Counties of *Ireland*.

Now to enter into this direfull Tragedy, every ſtep being a ſtep in bloud.

Heere followeth a true deſcription or relation of ſundrie ſad and lamentable collections, taken from the mouthes of verie credible perſons, and out of Letters ſent from Ireland *to this Citie of* London, *of the perfidious outrages and barbarous cruelties, which the* Iriſh *Papiſts have committed upon the perſons of the Proteſtants, both men, women, and children in that Kingdome.* Anno Dom. 1641.

THe Iriſh Nation is well knowne to be a people both proud and envious. For the Comonaltie (they are for the moſt part) ignorant and illiterate, poore, and lazie; and will rather beg or ſtarve, then worke: & therefore fit ſubjects for the Prieſts and Jeſuits to ſpur on upon ſuch bloudy actions and murth'rous Deſignes. Ignorance is their Mother, which is devoid of mercy: God deliver all

good

good Chriſtians from the cruelty of ſuch a Mother and Children.

It is too well knowne, (the more is the pitie and to be lamented) that the *Iriſh* have murther'd of the Proteſtant party in the Provinces of *Vlſter*, *Lempſter*, *Connaght* and *Munſter*, of men, women, and children, the number of fifty thouſand, as it is credibly reported by *Engliſhmen*, who have beene over all parts of the Kingdome, and doe proteſt upon their oaths that there are above five thouſand Families deſtroyed.

The Kingdome of *Ireland* hath foure Provinces, wherein there are contained two and thirty Counties, beſides Cities and County Townes, in all which places the *Engliſh* are planted up and downe in all parts, where the *Iriſh* have moſt murtherouſly and trayterouſly ſurprized them upon great advantages, and with out reſpect of perſons either of age, youth, or infancy, of yongmen or maids, or of old men or babes, ſtript all to their skins, naked as ever they

were borne into the World, ſo they have gone out of the World, many hundreds having beene found ſtarved to death in Ditches for want of food and rayment, where the rebellious *Iriſh* have ſhewed them no more mercy or compaſſion, no, nor ſo much as they would doe to their Dogs. Thus much for the generall, now I come to particulars.

At one Maſter *Atkins* houſe, ſeven Papiſts brake in & beat out his brains, then ripped up his Wife with childe, after they had raviſhed her, and *Nero*-like view'd Natures bed of conception, they then took the child, and ſacrificed it in the fire.

They have flead the skin from the bones of others like Butchers: the principles of whoſe Religion is bloud. Witneſſe our Books of Martyrs thoſe Chronicles of bloud. Witneſſe thoſe thouſands of butchered Proteſtants in *France*, in *Germany*.

They burned others, firing their Houſes, Towns, Villages, thoſe ſons of the Coale, as if their habitation were in Hell.

They

At one M^r. Atkins house 7 Papistes brake in & beate out his braines, then riped upe his wife with Childe, after they had rauished her, & Nero like vewed natures bed of conception then tooke they the Childe & sacrificed it in the fire.

English Protestantes striped naked & turned into the mountaines in the frost, & snowe, whereof many hundreds are perished to death, & many lyinge dead in diches & Sauages vpbraided them sayinge now are ye wilde Irisch as well as wee.

They have vowed to root out all the Engliſh Nation out of this Kingdome.

They have turned all the Proteſtants out of *Kilkeny*.

At *Belturbait* in the County of *Cavan*, the Popiſh Rebels demanded the Town on promiſe, that if they would ſurrender they ſhould paſſe free with bag and baggage, they backt their promiſe with oaths and execrations, curſing themſelves, if they did not let them goe withall. On ſerious conſiderations of the inhabitants and the Governour, they were perſwaded to yield it up, which when they had done, and drawing away their goods and moneys, they like treacherous Villains ſent about twenty or thirty to guard them, when they had guarded them ſeven miles from the Town, they with more of that deſperate forſworn rabble ſeized on them, robbed all the Proteſtants, being betweene five hundred and a thouſand perſons, men

men, women, and children; who ſubmitting themſelves to their mercy, found no quarter but cruelty: they ſtript them all naked, and turn'd them out of their houſes into the open fields in bitter cold weather, in a moſt vile and ſhamefull manner, not affording them one of their lowzy rags to hide thoſe parts which ſhould be covered. Take notice of the faith of a Papiſt, who for his own advantage, caſts off all bonds of fidelity and common honeſty.

They are remarkable for perfidiouſneſſe and treachery, as you may behold in that Maſter of Miſ-rule, the Arch-rebell Sir *Philem-Oneal*, baſely pretending to be a Suitor to the old Lady *Cawfield* being a Widow, and made faire promiſes of his reſpects to her, and when hee had his advantage of poſſeſſion of her houſe and goods, turned them out of all, and bound them priſoners, and made her whom he intended his neereſt Companion to be his loweſt Vaſſall.

In the Towne of *Lurgon*, in the Coun-

County of *Armagh*, the *Mac-kans* skirmiſhing with the Engliſhmen, ſlue divers of our men, whereupon they entred parley demanding the Towne: Sir *William Brunlow* being Governour of the Caſtle, on ſome conſiderations thought good to yield thereupon they promiſed and backt it with oaths & great proteſtations, that they ſhould have faire quarter, and paſſe without prejudice to their lives: yet behold the perfidiouſneſſe of theſe brutiſh creatures, as men not fearing God or Devill, whoſe practice they imitate, who was a liar from the beginning. Notwithſtanding all theſe faire pretences they knew no mercy, killed men, ſpoiled women, nay, in their boundleſſe rage, ſlue and maſſacred, and ſtript helpleſſe Miniſters, whoſe calling might have pleaded pity. But what ſpeake wee of pity to men, that have no bowels?

In *London Derry*, at the Towne of *Belly-bagh* belonging to the *Londoners*. Sir *Philem-Oneal*, promiſed under hand and ſeale to let the poore Proteſtants.

ſtants to paſſe with bag and baggage, only to part with their Town, which was a faire goodly place: yet this perfidious Rebell, as if it was not enough to make theſe poore ſouls harborleſs, to lay them open to vvind and vveather, but to adde to all their miſery, ſtript man, vvoman and child, took their clothes for a prey, and ſent them out naked, vvithout a ſhirt or ſmock to their backs, left them not vvorth a groat, this vvas one of their vvorks of mercy, if they ſcaped vvith their lives: but how many lives might be loſt by this immodeſt and inhumane act, judge. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruell.

Will you behold another mercifull act and record it. Captaine *Rory Macquire*, the Lord *Macquires* brother at the beginning of the rebellion for the firſt fortnight commands his Souldiers to give quarter to women and children, but to maſſacre all the men to ſpare none. Woe to him that makes the wife a widow and the children fatherleſſe, but after they began to reſiſt,

ſiſt, and to gather into Companies: then heare the Charge of this bloudy man, Give no quarter, no not to women, though teares and prayers interpoſe, yet know no pity: no not to harmleſſe babes, though it was death enough to kill their parents, nor ſpare neither man, woman, or child.

It is reported by an eminent Gentleman that hath long dwelt among the Rebels, but it's thought fit to forbeare the names of thoſe that give intelligence of the barbarous cruelties of theſe ſavage beaſts, becauſe they threaten to be the death of them that ſhall unmaske them. It is reported by this Gentleman that the *Handlowans* came to *Town-regis*, divers of them aſſaulted the Caſtle, of which Captain Saint *John* was Commander, hee with his ſon got away with ſome difficulty, leaping over the wall, they fearing they might fetch ſupplies to recover their loſt Caſtle, moſt inhumanely tooke the Captaines wife, (poore Gentlewoman) and ſet her on the wall having ſtript her to her ſmock,

ſmock, who was big with child (and within an houre of her delivery) that in caſe the Captain and his ſon ſhould have aſſaulted the Towne, his Wife ſhould have beene the white at which hee muſt have levelled: oh extreame and unheard of cruelty!

As for the Proteſtant Miniſters whom they ſurprize, their cruelty is ſuch towards them, as it would make the hardeſt heart to melt into teares. Their manner is firſt to ſtrip them, and after bind them to a tree or ſome poſt where they pleaſe, and then to raviſh their wives and daughters before their faces (in ſight of all their mercileſſe rabble) with the baſeſt Villains they can pick out, after they hang up their husbands and parents before their faces, and then cut them downe before they be half dead, then quarter them, after diſmember them, and ſtop their mouthes therewith.

They baſely abuſed one M. *Trafford* a Miniſter in the North of *Ireland* who was aſſaulted by theſe bloudy wolves of *Romes* brood, that know not God, nor

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nor any bowels of mercy. This poore diſtreſſed Miniſter deſired but ſo much time to bethink himſelfe before he took his farewell of the World to call upon God: but theſe mercileſſe wretches would admit no time, but inſtantly fell on him, hackt and hewed him to pieces.

Doctor *Tate* Miniſter of *Belly-Hayes* they ſtript ſtarke naked, and then wounded him dangerouſly in the head, and then let him goe towards *Dublin*, where hee lay long ſick.

Sir *Patrick Dunſtons* Wife raviſhed before him, ſlue his Servants, ſpurned his Children till they died, bound him with roules of Match to a board, that his eyes burſt out, cut off his eares and noſe, teared off both his cheeks, after cut off his arms and legs, cut out his tongue, after run a red hot iron into him.

Many

Multitudes of Herringes driuen into Dublin, 20 a peny.

Sr Patrike Dunsons Wiffe rauished before him, slew his Seruants, spurned his Children tell they died, bound him with Rowles of match to a Bord that his eyes bursted out cut of his eares & nose teared of both his Cheekes after cut of his armes & legges, cut out his tongue after rune a red hot Iron into him.

Many Gentlewomen have they raviſhed before their husbands faces, ſtripping them firſt naked to the view of their wicked companions, taunting and mocking them (after they have ſpoiled them) with bitter and reproachfull words, ſending them away in ſuch a ſhamefull, or rather ſhameleſſe manner, that moſt of them have died with ſhame and grief, or elſe have ſtarved with want and cold. Baſe cruelty unheard of, exceeding the brute beaſts, and ſo much the worſe becauſe they are reaſonable, which makes them skilfull to deſtroy.

One Maſter *Luttrell* dwelling within three miles of the Burrough of *Cavan*, a Gentleman worth by report, two or three hundred pounds a yeere, with a very great ſtock of Cattle, was baſely betrayed by an *Iriſh* Boy that hee had bred up in his houſe. See the baſeneſſe of the Popiſh brood, who when hee was at Dinner (being upon the thirtieth day of *October* laſt) was ſurprized by threeſcore of thoſe *Iriſh* unmercifull Villains, with a company of

of dirty Whoores and Baſtards that followed them, which this Boy let in at a back doore, where pulling him and his vertuous Wife from the Table, and foure ſmal children, the eldeſt of them being not ſixe yeeres of age, and one ſucking at her breſt without pity or humanity ſtript them naked, notwithſtanding their prayers and teares to have let them kept their clothes, and then thruſting them in a cruell and violent manner out of doores, threatned to kill them if they went not ſpeedily away. Take notice how uncertaine all our outward comforts are. So they departed (for feare) away, being aſhamed to bee ſeene of their ſervants, ſome of them running one way, and ſome another to ſhift for themſelves, but the diſtreſſed Gentleman with his Wife and Children, and a little youth, directed their courſe towards *Dublin*, hoping to find ſome of their friends in the way to relieve them, but the farther they came the more miſerable they were, meeting their loving Friends robbed (by

others) in the ſame manner, which ſtruck in them ſuch amazement and feare, that their hearts failed them, ſo that being naked and hungry, helpleſſe and hopeleſſe, the poore Infants crying in their eares, which muſt needs kill their hearts, they went not far but ſate downe under a Hedge or Ditch, and there died: being not (at that time above ſixe miles from his own houſe, for this little youth that he had bred up (being an Engliſh boy) forſooke not his Maſter when the reſt ran from him, but continued with him till death, the ſame day, ſome Horſemen or Troopers riding that way to coaſt the Country, met this youth, unto whom hee told this ſad ſtory, and being not far from the place led them to this lamentable ſight, where they beheld the true love of Man and Wife, embracing each other in their death, the three eldeſt children dead, but the ſucking childe was alive preſerved through heat, being between them both, and grabling and gaping for the dead Mothers breſt. So

the

the Troopers tooke up the child, carrying it to a Nurſe, for they knew the Parents well, and beſtowed ſome clothes upon the Engliſh youth, who came to *Dublin* within few days after, and related the ſtory in my hearing.

In the County of *Roſcommon*, neere the Town of *Roſcommon*, there fled into the Pariſh Church, eleven ſcore of the Engliſh, men, women, and children, where they remayned three dayes and nights without any ſuſtenance, till they were almoſt ſtarved, ſo that at laſt (what with the cryes of their children and their own wants) they were forced to commit themſelves to the cruelty of the *Iriſh*, who according to their uſuall manner firſt ſtript them naked, after drove them through the Town like ſo many harmleſſe Sheep and Lambs over a Bridge at the Townes end, having before broke down one of the middle arches where a ſtrong water runneth, ſo that either they muſt leap in or come back, their intent being there to murther them, as they did. For the poore

wretches being ſicke, weak and faint for food and ſleepe (yet unwilling to haſten their own ends) ſome returned back whom they kild without mercy, others they thruſt into the water who were drowned, ſome that could, did ſwim towards the ſhoare, and there inhumane villanies, brutiſh furies, ran and met them before they could get to land, and knockt them in the head in the water, ſome few eſcaped that did ſwim to the other ſide of the River, where the *Iriſh* could not come at them, having before broken downe the Bridge themſelves, and ſo eſcaped to *Dublin*, to be ſad witneſſes of this lamentable Tragedy.

Maſter *Blandry* a Miniſter they hanged, after puld his fleſh from his bones in his Wifes ſight.

Many Ladies and Gentlewomen (which they have ſurprized in the province of *Vlſter*) being great with child, they have turned them out of their houſes naked into the fields, where

Driuinge Men Women & Children by hundreds vpon Briges & casting them into Riuers, who drowned not were killed with poles & shot with muskets

Mr Blandrr Minister hanged after pulled his flesh from his bones in his wiffes sight

where they have bin delivered without the helpe of any woman, and ſo have ended their miſery, others that have eſcaped death in Child-bearing, they have mercileſly carried away upon Carts(lying in lowſie and ſtinking ſtraw naked,) to places where they and their poore infants have bin deſtroyed.

There was one Gentlewoman which was wife to Maſter *King* a Deane (Brother to the Biſhop of *Clogue*) and Parſon of *Dundalke*, in the County of *Lowth*, who having three thouſand inhabitants in his Pariſh, had but thirty Communicants of the Proteſtant Party, the reſt being all *Iriſh* and Papiſt, and although this Gentleman did for many days together (by his own Relation to mee) ſollicite his wife to goe to *Dublin*, and to remove his goods thither living at a place about two miles from *Dundalke*, ſhe being great with child, yet would not be perſwaded, although ſhe knew the Rebels were at the *Newry* within eight miles of *Dundalke*, whereupon hee left her and his Family, and going to a Friends houſe within two miles

miles of his own (for feare of the multitude of the *Irish*, that lived about his own Houſe) he remayned there but two days when tydings was brought him, that the *Irish* had ſeized upon his wife and all that he had, ſo that he was forced to fly away for his life with his friends, who was purſued by the Rebels above twelve miles, but through Gods mercy he eſcaped with his precious life (which they hunted after) with the loſs of his whole eſtate, and wife whom they turned out of doores (having firſt abuſed her) where ſhee was delivered in ſtraw, without the helpe of any woman, and ſo periſhed. She was a charitable Gentlewoman, and in her life time had relieved many hundreds of the poore *Iriſh*, and this mercy they afforded her for her charity.

The Lord *Blany* eſcaped their cruelty, being forced to ride fourteene miles upon a poore carrion jade, without either bridle or ſaddle to ſave his life, his vertuous Lady being ſurprized by theſe Villains, the ſame day and his children, who uſe her moſt ignobly and cruelly,

neither

neither regarding her nobleneſſe of birth, nor her Lord, but forc'd her to lodge in ſtraw with a poore allowance of two pence a day to relieve her and her children: and to adde affliction to the good Ladies miſery, ſlue a Kinſman of hers, and cauſed him to be hanged up before her face two days and two nights in the roome where ſhee lay to terrifie her, telling her withall, ſhe muſt expect that end.

In the County of *Tyrone* (even in that rebellious part) which is above all other inhabited by thoſe Romiſh Locuſts and wolves, wch in nature differ not from the dog wolves that breed amongſt them, was the cruelſt murther (of all the reſt) committed by ſome of the Souldiers belonging to Sir *Philem O Neal* that *Tyroniſh* of-ſpring and *Rory Mack-Gueere*, the Lord *Mack-Gueeres* brother, who are known to be the moſt eminent Rebels in this Treaſon, upon the bodies of one Maſter *Charles Davenant*, his wife, and two young children. The Villaine which firſt entred the houſe and moſt forwardeſt in cruelty was known by his name,

the Lord Blany forced to ride 14 Miles without Bridle or Sadell to saue his life, his Lady Lodged in Strawe, beeing allowed 2 a day to releue her & her Children, slew a kindsman of hers and hanged him up before her face, 2 dayes telling her she must expect the same, to terrifie her the more.

Mr Dauenant and his Wife bound in their Chaires, Striped the 2 Eldest Children of 7 years old, rosted them upon Spittes before their Parents faces, Cutt their throte, and after murdred him.

name, to one of the ſervants in the houſe, to be commonly called *Thady O Swillyvane*, ſometime a ſervant to this Maſter *Davenant*, and lived at the time of this Tragedie not farre from *Dungannon* in the County of *Tyrone*. The ſervant of the houſe that knew him was born in *Ireland*, in the City of *Clogher* in the ſaid County, but of Engliſh parents, his name is *Thomas Madden*, but hee could ſpeake good *Iriſh*, and ſo eſcaped, being an eye-witneſſe of theſe paſſages enſuing. This *Swillyvane* and his rout broke in forcibly into the houſe where they found three or foure ſervants that made no reſiſtance, in the Kitchin, but going further into the houſe they found Maſter *Davenant*, ſitting by a fire with his Wife and Children two young Daughters, they immediatly ſeized upon him and his Wife and bound them both faſt in their chaires, making a very huge and great fire, after they ſtripped the two children, the eldeſt being not above ſeven yeeres old, ſlue them in the ſight of their parents, and after roſted them upon ſpits before their faces,

ſuch

ſuch barbarous cruelty was never knowne. With great patience they were compelled (poore ſouls) to behold that cruelty which they could not help, after they ſtript his wife, forcing her moſt uncivilly and unmercifully before his face, and afterward cut her throat, the diſtreſſed Gentleman being overpreſſed with the lamentable ſight of the death of his wife and children, ſtrived and ſtrugled in his chaire where hee was bound, and held, hoping they would have kild him, chooſing rather to die any death, then to live any longer. So when they had made an end of his wife and children in this barbarous manner, they untied him and ſtript him, and afterwards murthered him, when hee had confeſt to them where his money was. There was a Letter written about the middle of *November* laſt, from *Stabonud* in the ſaid County of *Tyrone*, by one Maſter *Birrom*, unto one Maſter *Cuſack* dwelling in Highſtreet in *Dublin*, which Letter I did read and tooke a copy off: and before I came out of *Ireland* the aboveſaid *Thomas Maddin* came from the

Citie

Citie of *Clogher*, in the County of *Fermanagh* unto *Dublin*, and teſtified the contents of this Letter, being an eye-witneſſe of the certain paſſages thereof, and did give God great thanks that hee had eſcaped their hands in my hearing, for he ſaid his ſoule could not endure to be any longer amongſt them, they did daily commit ſuch cruelty, murther, and outrages upon the Engliſh Proteſtants in thoſe parts.

At the Borough of *Kello*; or, as ſome Letters report, at the Borough of *Trim*, being both in the County of *Meath*, in the Province of *Vlſter*, the Rebels ſurprized the houſe of one *Arthur Robinſon*, he himſelfe being at that time in *Dublin*, which was upon the ſixt day of *November* laſt, about ſome ſuits hee had in law, being in the laſt *Michaelmas* Terme, he not knowing that the Rebels were riſen in thoſe parts there, hee intending to have gone home to his wife and family, five or ſix days after, hoping by that time to have ended his buſineſſe, and indeed when he came

came from his houſe to *Dublin*, which was on the twentieth day of *October*, the Rebellion was not begun in any part of *Ireland*, but before his appointed time to return home, a Meſſenger prevented him with heavy tydings, even his only Daughter whom hee quickly knew, though ſhee were much diſguized, for the Rebels have ſlain moſt of his Family, robbed and pillaged the houſe, after they had ſtripped his wife and raviſhed her, they ſought ought for this young Virgin (being about fourteene yeares of age) who had hid her ſelfe in a Barne, where the Villains quickly found her: but ſhe made what reſiſtance ſhe could to preſerve her Chaſtity, and with a Knife ſhee had (unſeen to them) wounded one of them, which the reſt perceiving ſeized upon her violently, ſtripped her, and then bound her with her armes abroad, in ſuch manner as ſhe could not help her ſelf any way, and ſo like helhounds defloured her one after another, till they had ſpoiled her; and to ſhew their unheard off malice, were not herewith content, but puld the haire from her

her head, and cut out her tongue: becauſe ſhee ſhould not report the truth and their cruelty, but the maid could write, though ſhee could not ſpeak, and ſo diſcovered their inhumane uſage to her and her mother. The maid was ſent with a letter from her Father in *Dublin* to *Mynhead* in *Somerſetſhire*, to her Uncle *William Dyer*, her Mothers Brother living within three miles of *Mynhead*, which letter I have ſeen here in Towne, containing the contents above-written, being dated at *Dublin*, the twentieth of *November* laſt.

About the eighth of *January* laſt a diſtreſſed Miniſter came to *Dublin*, that had left ſome goods with a ſuppoſed Friend, ſent for them, the goods could not be delivered, unleſſe he or his wife came for them, hee would not goe, but ſhe went and when ſhe came where her goods were (as if that were too little to loſe her eſtate, but her life muſt goe alſo) they hanged her up. Was there ever ſuch Barbariſme among the Heathen?

In

Arthur Robinsons daughter 14 yeares old. the Rebbels bounde her armes a broad, deflowerd her one after an other, tell ther sporled her, then pulled the haire from her head and cut out her tongue that she might not tell of their Cruelty, but she declared it by writing,

A Minister and his wife came to Dublin, Ian: 30, 1641, left behinde him some goods with a supposed frend, sent for them but could not be deliuered vnlesse he or his wife come for them, She came and presently ther hanged her upo.

In the Countie of *Fermannagh*, in the Province of *Vlſter*, they murthered one Maſter *Champion* a Juſtice of Peace, and a Burgeſſe of the Parliament for the Borough of *Iniskillin* in the ſaid County, who was betray'd by an *Iriſh* Villaine his Tenant, whom hee had ſaved himſelf twice before from the gallows. The Rogue's name was *Patrick Mack-Dermot*, who finding one of his Companion, brings him to Maſter *Champion's* Houſe, and tels Maſter *Champion* that he found this Thiefe ſtealing of his cattle, The Gentleman knowing this *Mack-Dermot*, ſaid unto him before one Maſter *Iremonger* an Attorney, I am glad thou art turn'd from a Thiefe to catch a Thiefe, whereupon he return'd him this peremptory anſwer, That hee was no more Thiefe than himſelfe. No ſooner had he utter'd theſe words in the Court before his houſe, but there ruſhes in upon them a great number of theſe rebels, who without reſpect of mercy ſtabb'd Maſter *Champion*, inſtantly before hee could get into his houſe: ſo that hee fell down immediatly, but their fury went fur-

further then death, for they wounded him with their Skeins in thirty places after hee was dead, and then cut off his head to make ſure worke, while the reſt ran into the houſe after Maſter *Iremonger*, whom they followed ſo cloſe that hee had not time to lay hold on his ſword to help himſelf, but falling down upon his knees and calling upon God for mercy, they fell upon him, and ran him thorow and thorow, and ſo he died. One of Maſter *Champions* ſervants eſcaped to *Dublin*, and reported this in my hearing in *December* laſt. A third was likewiſe ſlaine, then the Rebels entred the Houſe and kild more: his wife's ſiſter and her brother in law, with two others in the houſe they keep priſoners to this day, taking póſſeſſion of all they had within the houſe and without, his wife was down on her knees to beg a ſheet to put her hubands dead body in. And another Gentleman with other Friends that came to viſit him over night, loſt their lives next morning.

In the County of *Monaghan*, within two miles of the Towne of *Monaghan*,

they murthered one Maſter *George Foord* in his Garden, a great company having gotten into a roome or loft over a ſtable (being between him and the houſe) ſurprized him, This was upon the one and twentieth of *November* laſt, being the Lords day, for when hee with his wife and Family were gone to Church, in that place they hid themſelves till their comming back from Church, and ſo watching their time and opportunity, firſt ſet upon him without any words, and then entred the houſe, for the houſe was ſtrong and not to be eaſily broken, unleſſe they were let in at the doores, ſo they bound all the ſervants being ſome Engliſh, and ſome Iriſh, till they had found Miſtris *Foord*, whom they ſtript naked and bound taking from her, her keyes, having alſo with them her husbands keys, who lay murthered in the Garden, and rifled, and opened every Trunke and box in the houſe to finde their money, where they found but little to that they looked for, for they knew that Maſter *Foord* was rich and well monyed, wherefore they began with

M: ffordes house rifled, and to make her Confesse where her mony lay, they tooke hot tonges clappinge them to the Soules of her feete & to the Palmes of her handes so tormented her that with the paine thereof shee died,

They haue set men & women on hot Gridcorns to make them Confesse where there money was

with threats to kill her if ſhee did not ſpeedily tell them, but alas ſhee could not, then they fell to torturing of her, heating a paire of Tongues in the fire, and clapping them to the ſoles of her feet, and to the palms of her hands, ſo that with the pain thereof ſhe died. After ſhee was dead, they ript her body to ſee if ſhee had not ſwallowed any gold into her guts, and ſo when they had pillaged the houſe, and carried away with the Gentlemans own Horſes and Carts, all that was worth the carriage, they unbound the *Iriſh* ſervants which they before had bound, and murthered ſuch of the *Engliſh* as they pleaſed, and then departed. I heard *Affidavit* made of the truth and certainty of this Maſſacre, in this manner before recited, before divers of the Privy Councill in *Dublin* in *Ireland*.

They have ſet up Gallows five miles diſtant in divers places on purpoſe, to hang up the Proteſtant Spies, which they have done accordingly, they have likewiſe cruelly ſet women & men one

red

red hot Gridions to make them confeſs where ſuch coyne, and money, and goods as they had, or whether they have hid or ſold any.

And all theſe cruelties are not done without the advice and animation of the Friers, Prieſts, and Jeſuits, and their religious men, or rather Firebrands of Hell; who at their Maſſes, and their incendiary Sermons, ſtir up the people to the committing of theſe Maſſacres, promiſing them pardon for the ſame, and aſſuring them the more merit, by how much the more they exceed in their villainous cruelties: they themſelves being ſtill in the firſt of theſe executions. For no ſtratagem of warre, nor other horrid action or deſigne whatſoever, is there undertaken, without them. They going on with their Souldiers in the head and front of every battaile, and by their miſchievous advices and counſels do make them mad, Tigre-like, with fierceneſſe and cruelty, aſſuring them that to imbrue their hands in the bloud of us Proteſtants (which they terme Heretikes) ſhall adde to their merits and

Cano-

Canonization of Saints, and gain them higher place and reward in Heaven.

Maſter *Jerome* Miniſter they baſely abuſed who lived neere *Dublin* ſometimes: but when he was thus murthered, he lived neere the Borough of *Athie*, in the County of *Kildare*, they hanged him then, mangled his body, cut off his members, ſtopt his mouth with them, then quartered him. This is reported by a Citizen of *Dublin* now in *London* to beare witneſſe to this Truth.

A Proclamation was made that neither *Engliſh* nor *Iriſh* ſhould either ſell or keep in their houſes any powder upon the loſſe of goods and life: except with licence, and at two ſhillings the pound.

Miniſters they hate and breath out cruelty againſt cruelty, maſſacring their bodies, burning their books, and tearing them in pieces, and it is likely where they can light on them they uſe them accordingly.

They

Hauing rauished Virgens & Wifes
they take there Children & dase there
braines against the Walls in sight of
there weepinge Parents & after destro:
red them likewise.

Mr Ierome Minister of Brides his Body
mangled & his members cut of

They rob all *Engliſh* Proteſtants, ſtripping them ſtark naked, and ſo turn them into the open fields and mountaines in froſt and ſnow, where hundreds have periſhed.

They deſtroy the *Engliſh* breed of Cattel out of malice to the Proteſtants, that the poore dumbe creatures fare the worſe and are ſpoiled, though one of ours is worth foure of theirs.

They have cut off mens privy members and ſtopt their mouthes with them (like cruell ſavage beaſts) that they might commit ſuch horrid villanies without noyſe and leſt their pittileſſe bowels might be moved with the cryes of thoſe ſo cruelly maſſacred Proteſtants.

At *Waterford*, ſome poore Proteſtants ready to be ſtarved, came to the Towne for reliefe, and their charity threw them ſome bread over the wall: it is likely the Dogs ſhould have had the ſame entertainment.

The Papiſts curſe the Jeſuites and Friers that have beene the cauſe of all this

this, this gives hopes their Kingdome being divided cannot ſtand.

Theſe bloudy Papiſts forced the Proteſtants to pull off their clothes, and then killed them on purpoſe, that they might have their clothes without holes.

After they had knocked a man down dead, they fearing he might counterfeit they doe run their ſwords twenty times into his bodie leſt hee might revive again.

They have ſtripped Ladies and Gentlewomen, Virgins both old and yong ſtark naked, turning them into the open fields.

Many hundreds have bin found dead in ditches with cold and want of food and rayment, eſteeming them no better then Dogs.

They labour what they can to make death appear more dreadfull then it is in it ſelfe: they hang up Husband, Kindred, Children, before the faces of their living wives and tender mothers ready to dye for griefe, a death worſe then death it ſelf, and this they do on purpoſe

to

to increaſe their dolorous paine and anguiſh.

They have forced (as is reported) ſome to turn to their curſed bloudy Religion, and then perſwaded them that they were fitteſt to die, and then treacherouſly kill their bodies and do what in them lies to damne their ſouls.

Debtors baſely murdering their Creditors. Tenants ſheathing their ſwords in their Landlords bowels, ſervants unnaturally ſlaying their Maſters, others poſſeſſing themſelves of their lands, goods, plates, money, jewels, houſhold-ſtuffe, corn, and cattle, and thruſt them out of doores naked. Oh inhumane crueltie!

Many great mens ſervants being *Iriſh* ran away from their Maſters with their beſt Horſes to the Rebels.

Many of the Proteſtants uſually took into their houſes, *Iriſh* boys, as Servants and thoſe did baſely betray their Maſters like *Judas*, into the hands of theſe bloudy Wolves. A good caveat to look to our ſervants before we take them, and to inſtruct them in the feare of God when we have.

Others they have wounded to death, and then left them languiſhing, their bellies being ript up & guts iſſuing out, they poore wretches lying on Dunghils (ſee the charity of cruell Papiſts) all this leſt they ſhould be out of their miſery too ſoon.

It ſeems it was their delight to linger out their cruelties (like men that wanted Bowels) for whereas the primitive perſecutions were exquiſitly cruel yet they made a quicke diſpatch of them: but theſe ſons of *Belial* found new ways of perſecution by extreame cold and hunger to ſtarve (which aggravates their cruelty) tender women with childe, poore helpleſſe infants and ſucklings.

An *Iriſh* Rebell (as a credible friend reports) ſnatched an innocent babe out of the arms of the mother, and caſt it into the fire before her face, but God met with this bloudy wretch: for before he went from that place, hee brake his neck.

The Rebels have burned all the Plantation Townes in the County of *London Derry*.

One

One hundred and twenty they threw into the water by force, drowning ſome that could not ſwim, others that could they knock'd on the head.

Many rich and great men have fled into *England*, carrying their eſtates with them, they have left no reliefe for the poore diſtreſſed people that came hither. thouſands are thus fled into *Dublin*, many hundreds ſtarved to death with hunger and cold, the poore Citizens relieve them beyond their abilities the charge lying on the poorer ſort.

Many of their wives they have raviſhed in their ſights before the multitude like bruit beaſts, ſtripping them naked to the view of their wicked companions, taunting them, ſcoffing them, and then ſending them away ſhamefully, that they have died with grief, or beene ſtarved with cold.

One Maſter *Wels* Miniſter loſing his notes, went back to looke them, and as he returned hee met the Rebels crying, Kill all, Kill all, the head Rebels command. Thereupon hee fled over a Mountain, was up to the breaſt in cold

ſnow

ſnow water and ſo ſcaped to *Dublin* very hardly with his life.

Three thouſand ſix hundred poore ſouls fled naked into *Dublin*, and ſtarved with hunger, came to eat ſomething and died with eating, twenty in a day lay dead in the open ſtreets, as men ſmitten with the plague.

Sir *James Crag* being in his Caſtle, having many with him was beſieged with the Rebels, and almoſt famiſhed the Knight was conſtrained to put forty out of the Caſtle which elſe muſt have beene famiſhed with the reſt: behold the cruelty of theſe bloud-ſucking Papiſts, when they were turned out, and left to their mercie, they made quicke diſpatch ſet on them, and ſlue every man.

Another as ſavage of that Bloudhound *Rory Macqueere*, at the beginning of the Rebellion, who came into an *Engliſh* Gentlemans houſe, and found him in his bed, and there began to cruciate

ciate and torture his naked body, that hee might extort of him a Confeſſion where his treaſure lay, which when this poore diſtracted Gentleman acknowledged in hopes to be eaſed, they cruelly killed him, and then ſtript his wife naked, and turned her out of doors, as if they would make all ſavage like themſelves: and laſtly, *Mukquetre* took his daughter being a proper Gentlewoman, and ſatisfied his beaſtly luſt on her deflouring her, as if this was too little to kill her father, turn her mother out of doores, and abuſe her himſelfe, but like an inhumane Villain cut off her garments by the middle, and then turned her to the mercy of the common Souldiers, to be abuſed at their pleaſure.

Take notice of the bloudy practices, and cruelties of *Romiſh* party, eſpecially of the Jeſuits and Prieſts, thoſe firebrands of Hell, who at this very day to incourage their Diſciples to murther, as is afore-written, doe anoint them with the Sacrament of the Unction, aſ-

ſuring

The Prestes & Iesuites anointe the Rebells with there Sacrament of vnction before they goe to murther & robe assuringe them that for there meritorious Service, if they be killed he shall escape Purgatory & go to heaven immediatly

They do usually mangell there dead Carcases layng wagers who shall cut deepest into there dead flesh with there Skerns.

ther destroy our English Sheepe in detestation of us. although one is better then 4 of theirs. ther haue vowed to roote out the name of the English.

ſuring them that for their meritorious ſervice (if they chance to be killed) they ſhall immediatly enter into Heaven, and eſcape Purgatory, and what they get from the Proteſtant party, by murthering, robbing and ſtealing, the one halfe ſhall be their owne, and what man would not be willing to venture upon ſuch conditions to get wealth upon earth, and purchaſe Heaven for murther. O damnable Doctrine & Doctors!

They doe uſually mangle their dead carcaſſes laying wagers, who ſhall cut deepeſt into their fleſh with their skeins.

At *Carvagh*, neere *Colerane*, the Rebels came to begirt the Towne, Maſter *Rowly* Brother to the worthy Knight Sir *John Clotworthy*, came forth with a ſmall Company about three hundred men to prevent them, they came upon them with a very great company, and ſlue all but eight of the Proteſtants, baſe cowardize where they want courage, they make it up with heaps and multitudes of frighted Hares, and the more fearefull and cowardly, ever the more cruell upon any advantage.

All

All their cruelties have been usually on disarmed men in small Villages, where was no strength to resist them, there they have tyrannizd over the weaker sex, women, & they have basely triumphed over little children their rage hath beene exercised. Oh base cowardise if they have ventured sometimes on pur men, it hath beene when they were naked, as they have bin flying from those Furies which their party have newly stript naked: by and by they met with more of those White-livered Villaines in companies. They would likewise abuse those poor naked Protestants like Dogs, adding to their misery beating them and bruising their naked bodies with cudgels, breaking the heads of some and wounding others that if they have not died, they have beene dangerously sicke with the inhumane usage of those mercilesse wretches: nay, rather then they will be (no body) they will shew their manhood in abusing dead bodies, as this story declares by very credible testimony from their own Countrimen.

Here I ſhall acquaint you with a remarkable Story, which I received from a Citizen of *Dublins* teſtimony of good repute there and here: wherein you may behold the promiſe made good to the Proteſtant ſide, which the Lord himſelfe made to his People *Iſrael*, that five ſhould chaſe a hundred.

It pleaſed God by one man and few with him to out-dare about thirty thouſand of thoſe cowardly Rebels, whoſe cauſe is baſe, whoſe Religion is but a meere pretence for their bloudy deſignes, and thus it was as that Citizen related.

A very great Army of about thirty thouſand Rebels beſieged *Drohedah*, wherein was that valiant and religious Commander Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, with a few of the Proteſtant party with him in compariſon of thoſe multitudes of Rebels, truſting to their great Army, boldly demanded the Towne, if they would yield, no queſtion, but they ſhould have faire quarter: but Sir *Henry* know-

knowing them (its likely) very well how perfidious they were, and the leſſe to be believed, the more they ſwore and execrated themſelves, reſolutely replyed, and ſent the Rebels this Anſwer. Be it knowne to you I am a Souldier bred, and wil never yield but upon three conditions:

1 Before I ſurrender I will kill all the Papiſts in the Town.

2 I will deſtroy all the Nunneries.

3 I will fire the Towne, and march in the light of it, by the help of God to *Dublin*.

Nay, rather then I will give up, I will feed on a piece of a dead horſe, and if that faile, I will eat the ſhoulder of an old Popiſh Alderman. This bone hee threw among thoſe hungry wolves, and you may imagine how they reliſhed it.

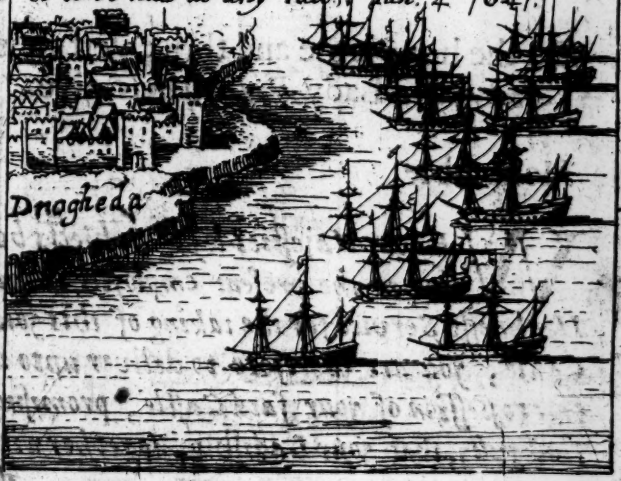
And that remarkable inſtance which was publiſhed by order of the Right Honorable the Houſe of Lords concerning this Noble and Religious Knight

Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, how it pleaſed God to honour him with a ſucceſfully victory againſt the Rebels now very lately, they being driven in *Drohedah*, to eat horſe fleſh for want of other proviſion. The Rebels having chained up the River in hope to keepe out proviſion by Sea, that no reliefe might come from *Dublin*, it pleaſed God to raiſe ſuch a ſtorme that broke the chain, and ſcattered the enemies boats, and opened a free paſſage from *Dublin*, whereby they were relieved, bleſſed be God. Thus the Lord fought for them by winds and Seas. As the windes and Seas obey him, and hee rules in them, ſo on the land he rules. It is *not by many but by few*, *one ſhall chaſe a hundred* when God fights for his people. Deut. 32. 30.

It is remarkable to ſee how few have chaſed theſe Rebels, as appeares in a Letter read in the Parliament, what they did before *Tredagh*. An Army of the Rebels by Land lying before the City, aſſaulted them in hopes to famiſh them: whereupon this Noble Captain Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, ſally'd out of the Town, but with forty Muskeetiers, and as many horſe, beat off foure hun-

Pulling them about the streetes by the haire of the head, dashing the Childrens braines against the postes sayinge, these were the Pigges of the English Sowes.

Droghedah so bloked up that a bushell of wheate was sold for 23. Shill., & meate scarce to be had at any rate, 1 Jan. 4 1641.



hundred of the enemies, killed above threeſcore of them, recovered fourſcore Cows and Oxen, and two hundred ſheep, burned foure Towns and brought home two of their Colours.

Here take notice of their cowardiſe againe attempted on a noble Lady by a Letter ſent from ſeven of the grand Rebels, with her reſolute and undaunted anſwer to them as follow.

The Rebels Letter to the Lady *Offalia*, in her Caſtle at *Geſhel*.

To the honorable and thrice vertuous Lady, the Lady *Digby*, theſe give.

Honorable,

WE his Majeſties loyall Subjects being at the preſent employed in his Highneſſe Service for the taking of this your Caſtle, you are therefore to deliver unto us free poſſeſſion of your ſaid Caſtle, promiſing faithfully, that your Ladiſhip, together with the

the reſt in the ſaid Caſtle reſtant ſhall have a reaſonable compoſition; otherwiſe upon the yielding of the Caſtle, wee doe aſſure you that we will burn the whole Town, kill all the Proteſtants, and ſpare neither man, woman nor child upon taking the Caſtle: Conſider (Madam) of this our offer, and impute not the blame of your owne folly unto us, thinke not that here wee brag: your Ladiſhip upon ſubmiſſion, ſhall have a ſafe convoy to ſecure you from the hands of your enemies, and to lead you where you leave. A *ſpeedy reply is deſired with all expedition, and thus wee ſurceaſe:*

Henry Demſy.
Charles Demſy.
Andrew Fitz Patrick.
Conn Dempſy.
Phelim Demſy.
John Vicars.
James m Donel.

The Lady *Offalia* her anſwer to the Rebels.

For

For my Cosin *Henry Dempsy* and the rest.

I Received your Letter, wherein you threaten to sack this my Castle by his Majesties authority; I am and ever have beene a loyall subject, and a good neighbour amongst you, and therefore cannot but wonder at such an assault; I thank you for your offer of a convoy, wherein I hold little safety, and therefore my resolution is, that being free from offending his Majesty, or doing wrong to any of you, I will live and die innocently, and will doe my best to defend my owne, leaving the issue to God; and though I have beene and still am desirous to avoid the shedding of Christian bloud, yet being provoked your threats shall no whit dismay me.

Lettice Offalia.

These stories I relate that all true-hearted Protestants may take heart, and likewise take notice that God is vindicating his owne glory against these desperate Atheists that began to insult, and

to

to aske (as wee are credibly informed) what is become of the God of the Proteſtants, and likewiſe what ſpirit and courage God is able to put into the hearts of thoſe that fight for him, and for his cauſe againſt his bloud-thirſty enemies. And therefore be not diſmaid you Proteſtants, 'tis a great honour to fight under the Banner of Chriſt, they fight under the Banner of Antichriſt, the Lord is with you while yee are with him. See the blaſphemies and cruelties of theſe bloudy men: it is that their names (as *Amalek*) may be blotted out from under Heaven, for ſurely the day of recompence is comming, that God will make his arrowes drunke in their bloud, they love bloud, and therefore God will give them bloud in great meaſure.

As for inſtance. I ſhall relate you a bloudy ſtory of one of thoſe cruell beaſts. The Proteſtant Troopers about the beginning of *February* laſt, marched out of *Dublin*, as they uſe to do, to view the Coaſts, they eſpied a cruell Rebell hewing and mangling a woman in ſo

hor

horrid a manner that it was not poſſible to know her, having acted his Devilliſh part he triumph'd over her dead corps, and waſhed his hands in her bloud, whereupon the Troopers apprehended this barbarous Villaine in the very act of crueltie, and brought him to *Dublin* with his hands all bloudy, and was adjudged to be hang'd immediatly, hee aſcended the Ladder, and would not ſtay till the Executioner turned him off, but deſperatly lept off and hanged himſelf. This was in the beginning of *February* laſt, and is credibly reported by a Citizen of *Dublin*, who ſaw him thus hanged with his hands all bloudy.

It is remarkable to take notice of the rice of this bloudy act, it was thus. A Frier and this Villaine was drinking together in a Village, the Frier hearing of a poore Engliſh woman, there hee commanded this Rebell to murther her which he did, as you have read atteſted by a Gentleman of *Ireland*, of good credit.

Thus theſe poore deluded wretches guld with their Jeſuits damnable doctrine,

A Woman mangled in so horred a maner that it was not possible shee should be knowne, & after the Villaine washed his handes in her bloode, was taken by the Troopers adiuged to be hanged leaped of the lader & hanged himselfe like a Blooder Tyger.

Companyes of the Rebells meeting with the English flyinge for their liues, falling downe before them cryinge for mercy, thrust theire Pichforkes into their Childrens bellyes & threw them into the water.

ctrine, who assure them on their words, that the *more cruell*, *the more meritorious.* An Article no where to be found but in the Devils Creed.

Would any man believe that these Villains should take children and tosse them with pitchforks like dung into Rivers? one was an eye witnesse (who lost a great estate there, and since have received reliefe from the Parliament) who saw a cruell wretch, throw a woman crying with teares one way, and her Childe with a pitchfork another way.

They have cruelly murdered women great with child, and then left them in ditches, to the fury of their dogs, who learned to be cruell from their bloudy Masters, for they have eaten the Children out of the bowels of the mother.

At *Lesgoole* Castle in the County of *Fourmanagh*, they have burned fifty *Scots*, men, women, and children.

Sixteen *Scots* more they have barbarously hanged at *Cloynes* in the County of *Monaghan.*

Thirty *Scots* they burned in *Tolagh.*

It

It is remarkable that they deale thus cruelly with thoſe Noble *Scots*, who have bin renowmed through the Chriſtian World, for their zeale againſt that Antichriſtian Rabble, that theſe Rebels would wiſh they had but one neck, that they might cut them off at one blow, but the Proteſtant Cauſe ſhall ſtand in *England* and *Scotland*, when they and their *Babel* ſhal be caſt into the Bottomleſſe pit.

Rory Mackqueere at *New towne* in the County of *Fourmanagh*, above foure hundred poore Proteſtants fled in the Church to ſhrowd themſelves under its roofe, for ſafety from the rage of thoſe men of bloud, where they might have been famiſhed, but the mercy of this mercileſſe Beaſt affords them quarter to goe away with their clothes to *Dublin*, and vows he will not hurt them: before they got out of the Town, his Souldiers ſtript ſome and killed others like baſe perfidious wretches.

The *Iriſh* Lievtenant pretending they came for the King perfidiouſly come under favour, pretends to borrow the armes

armes of the inhabitants, as they ſay, to quell the Rebels, then breake into their houſes, and turne their weapons againſt themſelves, make havock taking their featherbeds, & throw out their feathers, and in the tikes put up what precious things they can find in the houſe, and carry all away, and ſo turns them out of doores, the next company takes away their clothes, and clothe them with their rags. The next company thinking they may have mony in thoſe rags, they will take them alſo, ſearch their mouthes, and thoſe parts which modeſty will not admit of an expreſſion: if they can find none, they ſet their Skeins at their breaſts, that if they can extort any thing when the poore Proteſtants are naked. Bluſh! ô Sun, to behold the inhumane cruelties and beaſtly uſages of theſe unheard of Cannibals.

They inſlave the poore proteſtants under them, making them worke like horſes all day, digging and delving for them, and then are ſhut up all night, not knowing what wages whether life or death ſhall be allotted, and ſo every night

George Forde hanged on a tree in his owne ground, cut his flesh, a peaces, caryng it up & downe, sainge this is the flesh of one of the trai: tors against our Holy Father the Pope.

a Proclamation that nether English nor Irish should either sell or keepe in their houses any Pow: der upon the losse of goods & life nether any ky: mes whatsoeuer, except with a license & then but fiue pound at most, at 2 Shill: p^e pound.

night lie trembling & praying that they may be delivered from their cruelties.

Some Miniſters they whip, others they ſet in the ſtocks, and make others goe to Maſſe againſt their wils, then tell them now they have ſaved their ſouls, they would hang their bodies.

A Miniſter ſeeing his Wife abuſed, & his children roaſted, deſired them to put him out of his extremity of anguiſh, to ſee ſuch cruelty on thoſe ſo neere him, they moſt inhumanely cut his tongue out of his head.

And for a concluſion of this dreadfull Tragedy. It is related from one of the laſt Letters from *Ireland*, that ſeventeen of thoſe barbarous Monſters came to a Miniſters houſe, where they violently fell on him and his wife, ſtript them naked, bound them back to back, then cut off the Miniſters privy members, afterward raviſhed his wife on his back, and then inhumanely cut their throats: tranſcendent cruelty exceeding Pagans and Atheiſts.

For the oppreſſion of the poor, and for the ſighing of the needy: now will I ariſe, ſaith the Lord, and ſet him at liberty from him that puffeth at him. Pſal. 12. 5.

FINIS.